

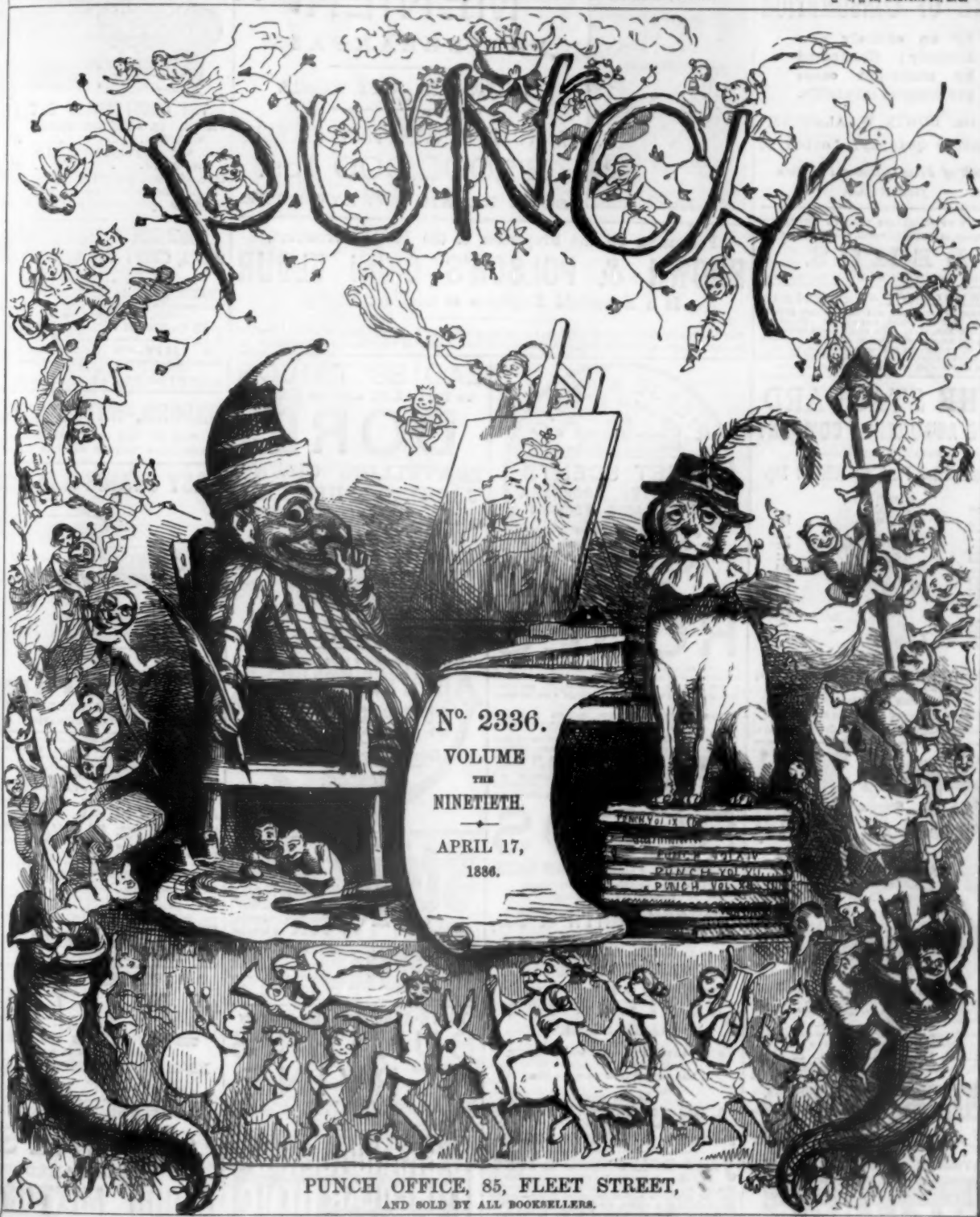
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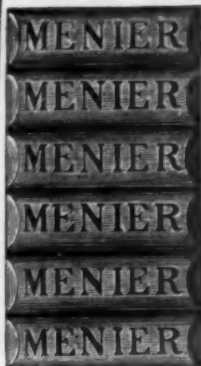
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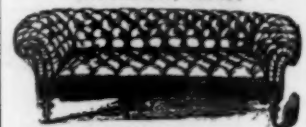
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PROCEDURE.—A FACT.

Old M.P. "Aw—I say, ROBINS. 'XTRAORDINARY THING ALL THE SEATS TAKEN AT THIS EARLY HOUR!"

Official (of many years' standing, who doesn't approve of recent changes). "YOU SEE, SIR, IT'S ALL THESE 'ERE NEW MEMBERS. EARLY IN THE DAY THEY 'RE 'ERE, AND THEN, WHEN THE GENTLEMEN COMES DOWN IN THE AFTERNOON, THERE AIN'T NO ROOM FOR THEM!"

"GRAND ROUNDS."

Chez M. Herbert, R.A.—"Ah, cher ami!" exclaimed the eminent Academician, "I 'ave give myself *une petite vacance*,—vat you call in ze angleesh vich I do not most speak, *mais je l'admire*.—I give myself a leetle olidays."

"Then you've got no pictures to show this year," I sighed, with an expression of heartfelt and sorrowful disappointment on my countenance.

"Ah! *vous ne me comprenez pas*—you not me comprehend. I mean, I should 'ave like to 'ave painted one, two, tree dozen picture,—*mais, hélas*, I 'ave only painted seven!" Unfortunately I was at the moment suddenly overcome by the heat of the room, and was unable to wait and examine these works of Art. "*Au revoir*!" were the last words I heard as I descended the front door-steps. "To the see-again!"

At P. H. Calderon's.—I found the Cald'ron stirring. There stood Don PHILIP, Knight of the Brilliant Brush, leaning against a pillar of the noble portico,—under which I cantered up to the house,—and prepared to receive cavalry.

"Don't get down," he said, lighting another cigarette, "I'll bring 'em out to you—they're in the hall ready for Burlington House. First-rate light for seeing them here."

Sitting carelessly in my saddle, I examined the first of the lots at my leisure.

"I could look at this," I murmured, "for years!"

"Si Signor!" returned Don FILIPPO; "but I can't hold it for more than twenty minutes."

Then he fetched the others: and the others fetched me. The public will not be disappointed, I think, with the works of Don PHILIP CALDERON this year,—but that of course is a question of what the public expects. *Adios! Adios!*

Frank Dicey's.—"The Master is not in," said a humble pupil, who offered to hold my gallant steed Bukjömprhe for a consideration. So I walked into the Studio, and had there been anything to find fault with, I should have walked into the Artist. Could I look at his picture without at once, Weglike, dropping into poetry.

O FRANK DICEY,
Nicey! Nicey!!

And treading lightly so as not to waken "the Sleeping Beauty," I sped down

the stairs, and throwing *largesse* to the pupil, and bidding him follow in the steps of the excellent *maitre*, I trotted off to the next on my list.

"Many pictures?" I asked, as FREDERICK GOODALL slid down the banister-rail and alighted flop, in his good-humoured way, on the hall floor.

"Only four," says he, pausing for breath.

"Only four," I return; "but *good all*, eh?"

Doubled up with irrepressible laughter I left. im, for I was obliged to hurry on, and couldn't stay till he had recovered.

Up an avenue, across a bridge, over a piece of water where a miniature yacht was at anchor, I came upon the Viking BRETT, R.A., in a tent refreshing himself and a youthful assistant with a lively game of skipping-rope.

"What cheer, Skipper?—and his boy!" I shouted. A lovely garden, a perfect Eden! "I see you're under canvass, as usual."

"Ay, ay, my lad!" he returned. "Nothing like it. Let's make it three bells, and avast heaving! Belay there! Yeo ho!" And so we went down into the cabin to lunch. His toast was "A fair wind—and a good sale!" Grog was served out all round, and after drinking the Skipper's health and partaking of junk and salt beef, I weighed anchor (not much more than before luncheon), and getting aboard H.M.S. Bukjömprhe, put about, luffed, got on the port tack, and, Bukjömprhe answering the helm, we made for the Frith.

A cordon of police was about the door to keep off the crowd. Giving Bukjömprhe in charge, I opened my cloak, showed my brilliant order—incribed in diamonds "Pass one to the Studio"—and was at once ushered into the Artist's Sanctum. Royal Highnesses, Dukes, and Duchesses were there, but towering far above them all was the Great Colour Moralist, J. W. FRITH, R.A.

"Come," he whispered to me, "come into my Sanctissimum, and I'll show you my *chef d'œuvre*."

Then we retired from the giddy aristocratic crowd. The Great Moral Colourist touched a jewelled button, and a tray laden with . . . but no matter; to say more were to betray confidential hospitality. A few choice spirits looked in: then all was bumpers and banjos. Don't tell me that FRITH, R.A., is a dry colourist. I saw no more pictures that night. But if the works of FRITH, R.A., this year are not the best, the truest-to-naturest, the in a general way superlativest that ever were seen, then am I very much mistaken.

After this I rode round to the houses of several other distinguished Artists, including SANT, R.A., who showed me rows of pictures, but "no rows without a thorn," and then it was, as the public will see in May—"We May be happy yet," he sang merrily. Then I looked in on Mr. BURGESS. After BURGESS could I do MOORE? No—so parting with Bukjömprhe to COLIN HUNTER, who will find him useful for the Colin Deep Harriers, I bade farewell to the Artists, and finished was the inspection of
THE GRAND ALL-ROUNDER.

BENEVOLENCE AND BOOTS.—Success to Mr. CHANCE, the Police Magistrate, in the beneficent operation of raising a fund to provide boots for poor children. But unhappily the boots may be provided, and the children, as well as Mr. CHANCE's endeavour, yet remain bootless. For several years Mr. FRANCIS PEEK gave £1,000 yearly with the same intention, but to small purpose. Although the money was disbursed by means of the Charity Organisation Society, "it was found that in about half the cases the boots were speedily pawned." Pop went the boots, up the spout—difficulty of boot distribution two to one. Again, in the experience of a Board School, "a benevolent person provided boots for two poor children, with the result that, for weeks after, dozens of the other children came without boots in the expectation that they, too, would be provided with boots by the same benevolent agency." *Teste*, "W.," bearing witness in the *Post*. Sad, to see how the aims of charity are apt to be frustrated by recipients presumed to be honest who turn out no better than freebooters.

"SINK OR SWIM?"—Which will it be, with the Member for Cork to support him?

"QUIS SEPARABIT?"—W. E. G.



CRUSHING!

Smith (late). "BEEN ASH'ISHT'N BROWN, MY DEAR! BAL'N'N'N' 'BROOKSH."
Wife. "BETTER KEEP YOUR OWN BALANCE, SIR!"

THE MAN OF THE SIX CONDITIONS.

A Letter to the S.S.S.S. (Secretary Sicklycal Sensation Society), care of Medium Punch.

SIR,—I have been reading about you in the *Spectator*, and you alone can help me at my need. I've never suffered so much from night-Mayor since dining at the Mansion House. Is that stately periodic making a joke, or does "Multiple Personality" (the title of the article) really mean anything? The arch-thinkist, Mr. LESLIE STEPHEN, says that you can always think if you shut your eyes. There are men who seem to look on "thinking" as a kind of tangible profession, like brewing. If shutting your eyes does it, good. "The thinking man! the thinking man!"—remarkable person, and hints for parodies. There is a suggestion of Poet Goosse about it. The main point about the thinking man is, that, like the wise cobbler, he sticks to his last, and never does anything. I often shut my eyes. So do many. But, as a rule, I think I think best, for practical purposes, when I keep them open. But I digress; it's a way I have as a non-thinkist. About that article on "Multiple Personality," dear Mr. Secretary. "You do more good," it says, "by the facts to which you call the public attention, than by your own ideas about them." From one thinkist to another, that seems a little rude. But I dare say it's true. Probably you might reply with equal force that the article does more good by calling attention to you, than by anything on earth it has to say about you. From thinkist to thinkist, rude again. But again, I dare say it's true. My own impression is—(in a drama this would be called an "aside")—that neither of you does any good at all to anybody, and that if either gets any attention at all, it will be my doing. At all events, I will do all for both of you that I can. For I am essentially a Philistine. I think but little; but I manage to do a good deal, and I imagine that that is what a Philistine means. Not a bad idea to have called this an Epistle to the Philistines, or an Epistle from a Philistine. I will remember it another time. But how I do digress. Why didn't I shut my eyes?

"Brief let me be"—as The Facts remarked to the Attorney-General. But those Facts were not in it with these. Mr. F. W. H. MYERS (the number of whose initials is not, under the circumstances, at all to be wondered at) has discovered a man called LOUIS THE FIFTH. Why, I don't know. He has six different conditions of being. In one, he remembers the whole of his life. In the other five, only five different parts of it. Beyond this, *Spectator* drops four conditions, and only treats, from your report, of two. But they are quite enough. LOUIS V.

is sometimes paralysed on the right side, and only his left brain acts, whatever on earth that may mean. LOUIS V. is then "arrogant, violent, and profane." But tickle him with a soft iron (though I never saw one) on his right thigh, and the paralysis and the thinking-business change sides. The left side stiffens, and the right brain acts. LOUIS V. then becomes "instantaneously quiet, modest, and respectful, speaking easily and clearly, and able to write a fair hand." He ought to be kept tickled. But *Spectator* ought to have gone on to tell us about your four other conditions, whereas he only speculates upon the effect of one-quarter right brain and three-quarters left brain; five-sixths profanity, and one of a fair hand; and—but no, it is impossible to proceed. LOUIS V., I am not surprised to learn, is in an Asylum. The wonder is that everybody who sees him tickled isn't. I am, nearly, from reading about it. But if LOUIS V. would like to go round the country on a show tour, and requires a boss, let him remember me. I will give him a round per-centage, and provide the softest iron I can. Think of me, Mr. Secretary, from that point of view.

But there is a moral to all things, and I want you to think of me from another. Consider me as a case for the Sicklycal myself: for I can positively confirm LOUIS V.'s experience. I have long been engaged upon writing a history of the French Revolution, and as soon as I began to write it, I got a stiff neck. The experience regularly recurred, and the stiffness was always on the right side. I found too, in spite of myself, that my sympathies were always with the aristocrats, whereas I wished to be impartial. When I read of Mr. F. W. H. MYERS' friend, all became clear. The guillotineable muscles were sicklycally affected. It was my left brain which had this one-sided tendency. I saw the cure. I tickled the right side of my neck with my softest poker. At once the stiffness went out of it, and attacked the left. At the same moment all my sympathies were transferred to the mob; and ever since I have known where to tickle, in order to get my sympathies in the right place for the moment. I can be one-sided either way I want: and what more can historian desire? As *Spectator* remarks (wisely premising, if there be evidence for it) "the right hemisphere of my brain implies the activity of my lower nature." My right hemisphere sympathises at once with Communism. I can curse fearfully when my left neck is stiff. I place myself unreservedly in the hands of the man of the three initials. What a shilling dreadful's worth I should be! Or for the matter of that, LOUIS V. either.

Convincedly yours,
STRATTON STRAWLESS.

The Grand Old Man and the Clock.

(A SONG OF THE GREAT SPEECH DAY.)

AIR—"Grandfather's Clock."

BIG Ben has been booming for many a year
The heads of our Senators o'er,
Unchecked by the loudest Conservative cheer,
The noisiest Radical roar.
But a crisis like this even clock-works puts out,
Makes them "strike" against movement and stroke,
So the Clock stopped—'twas to listen, no doubt—
When the (Grand) Old Man spoke.

FOR USE OF CHAPPELL-GOERS. — Will shortly be published, *The History of the Pops and the Anti-Pops*. With a preface considering the necessity for keeping up the Concerts, for fear of exciting a series of No Monday Pop-ery Riots.

AN American paper said of a Gentleman who was cast in a breach of promise action brought against him by an Actress, that he had to give up "50,000 dol's." Quite so; and to give up "one doll" besides.

QUESTION FOR "QUESTION TIME."—Considering that the House of Commons is too small for a sufficiency of seats, will any steps be taken to provide room for Standing Committees?



THE TWO GRAND OLD MEN, WHO DIVIDED THE HONOURS OF LAST WEEK BETWEEN THEM.

OUR VISITING LISZT.

WITHIN one fortnight to have seen Cardinal NEWMAN, aged eighty-six, officiating, to have shaken the wonderful hands, and talked with the Abbé LISZT, aged seventy-six, and to have heard Mr. GLADSTONE's great oratorical effort, at seventy-seven, is indeed something to be remembered in a lifetime. And I may note that those who heard Mr. GLADSTONE finish at eight o'clock, could have heard Mr. TREVELYAN commence his manly explanation at ten, and could have also heard Canon LISZT play at Mr. WALTER BACHE's Reception, at the Grosvenor Gallery—another memorable event—at eleven o'clock the same night. If I contrived to be in two places at once, depend on it I shall keep the secret of my

mysterious power to myself; so let us return to St. James's Hall on Tuesday the 6th.

Now for the Santley—I should say the Saintly—*Elizabeth*, whose beautiful story Dr. FRANZ LISZT has set to music. I am not going to descant on *motif*, thematic materials, minor sixths, Major Sevenths, —this last is not a military title, and Major Sevenths is no relation to Major GRIFFITHS, Author of that most interesting History of the Garriok Pictures,—nor will I do more than merely touch lightly upon, or hint at, sequences, agitates, crescendos, innuendos, big-and-little-endos and neverendos, which go to make up the classic form of all Oratorios.

If I myself do not quite agree with the Composer on every score, yet, on the score of his venerable age and character, I would willingly yield to him in everything where first principles are not absolutely concerned; and if I personally admit, that, had I been writing *St. Elizabeth*, I should not have used certain passages,—specially



Reading the Liszt.

those in St. James's Hall:—if I own that I should not have brought in a violoncello (an unwieldy instrument, and a great deal of trouble to carry) when a flute (which is portable) would have done as well; if I allow that I should have written a hunting song in "G up," with an under-movement of "G G;" if after Chorus of girls and boys playing and romping I am sure I should have introduced several serious strains, followed by a *limp-motif* and a doctor's bill for the parents,—if, I say, I should have done all this and more, it is not that I set myself up against so great a Master as Canon Liszt,—for I should be as a pea-shooter against this big gun,—no,—it would be only to show that in this Musical World (the paper of



Elizabeth (Albani) and her little boy Ludwig (Master Frank Paskett) presenting her with a packet of flowers.

morality" indeed! Was the "doubtful moralist" (bless me! another Liszt, the Moral Liszt!) anywhere near me that night? And if so, does his knowledge of "doubtful morality" account for the otherwise mysterious and unaccountable exchange of a very shabby, broken-knee'd opera-hat for my brand-new gibus? "Doubtful morality" of the beautiful story of the Roses! If this meets the eye in the head of any one who may be wearing my brand-new hat, let him send it back whilst it is still in its first and freshest spring-time. What had a musical critic to do with morality, specially if doubtful, when he ought to have been attending to his score,—his music score, I mean? But I curb my indignation, and, if my hat is returned, all shall be forgiven, as was timid Elizabeth's little fib about the Roses; and, all shall be blotted out, just as we hope the Recording Angel blotted out *Uncle Toby's* violation of a very clear and plain commandment. *Quo tendimus?* Where are we now? The Abbé is in St. James's Hall. He is received with acclamations!

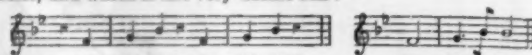


Big Boy Ludwig (Santley): "Dash my Lud-wig! I'll wind my horn, and, when it's wound, on we'll go again!"

that evening, as the Conductor of LISZT. Now for the story and its rendering. Little Ludwig, aged four, in the Oratorio represented by Master PASKETT, welcomes his little bride-elect Elizabeth, Madame ALBANI, about the same age, and the two children sing of toffy, cakes, and buns. Then all go out to play. Suddenly little Ludwig sprouts up and becomes a young man of twenty-ones (Mr. SANTLEY), and sings a hunting song, in which he rejoices more in being able to perform a solo on his "bugle, in jubilant measure," than in any particular form of sport. He meets his wife Elizabeth! She is out for a stroll. All alone! Dash his Lud-wig! He will give her a wiggling, a Lud-wiggling. He is her husband—and he is angry! But all is soon explained; and here the duet and the chorus (where did they all come from?), which ends the scene, are among the most striking things in the Oratorio.

The feature of the Grand Chorus of Crusaders, which immediately catches the ear, and is the phrase that anyone hearing the Oratorio

only once is bound to carry away with him—not robbing the Oratorio by any means, which is rich enough to bear the loss—"is," says analytical Mr. JOSEPH BENNETT, "largely built upon the ecclesiastical progression," &c., "which so many classical masters—MOZART and MENDELSSOHN included—have employed"—and which was so familiar to a correctly trained ear, that I at once remembered, unless my memory has played me a treacherous trick, the comic-vocalist *motif* employed by Signor IACHIMO FORNINI at the Pavilion Hall of Music, and which is not very unlike this:—



"I did it! I did it!"

"To Pa-lestine!"

"*Les Grands Esprits*," &c.—and perhaps, after all, the composer of Signor FORNINI's melody, may not be above owing himself indebted to Canon LISZT, MOZART, and MENDELSSOHN.

Madame ALBANI and Mr. SANTLEY were superb, and the chorus and orchestra left nothing to be desired, except that Dr. LISZT should come on again, which he did, having risen from his seat, where he might have been labelled, "To be left till called for,"—and, when called for, he was, as I have said before, brought on by Madame ALBANI, everyone rising and cheering. "Brief let me be!" for time and space (in this musical number) are limited.

There is such an orchestral storm of wind instruments—a perfect gale—and a thunder of drums, and a flashing of lightning cymbals, as was never heard. Miss PAULINE CRAMER, as the wicked Landgrabber—a translation of Landgrave—had a cruel anathematising part demanding more than a cursory notice. She acquitted herself to perfection. So too did Mr. VAUGHAN EDWARDS as the Hungarian Magnate, who of course is, of all Magnates, the one for whom the Pole has most attraction. Then Mr. KING was promoted to the rank of Mr. Emperor, and appeared as the Emperor Frederick the Second, of Hohenstufien. What a long line of gourmands the Hohenstufiens must represent! "*Eljen!*" to the Hohenstufiens and the Gutzle-stufiens! Some of this great family are still in the public service in Swizzleland.

Magnificent was Madame ALBANI in the death-scene of Elizabeth, dying swan-like with a song! Then the Cherubs up aloft—in the



Cherubs up aloft,—up an organ loft,—ready to join everybody in the air. organ-loft—in turn-down collars and white ties, who up to this time had been telling one another funny stories and enjoying themselves innocently as cherubs (all standing up, of course) ought to do, joined in with the chorus below; and angels, bishops, magnates, church choristers, crusaders, peers and people, Hohenstufiens, and everybody generally, wound up with a grand finish, of which the grandest part fell undoubtedly to the lot of the orchestral.

More "*Eljens*," hoorahs, cheers, handkerchiefs, hats, bouquets, and roses, and then we emptied ourselves out of St. James's Hall, as best we could, and Mr. LITTLETON NOVELLO must have retired to his several bars' rest that night highly gratified with the success of the entire series of the Novello Oratorio Concerts, of which this, for this Season, is the greatest and the last.

Vidi tantum et audi quantum, and am, the Public's humble servant,
NIBBS THE LISZT'NER.

P.S.—How tired LISZT must be of hearing his own Music! FANCY PEARS being treated for a whole week to nothing but his own Soap! On second thoughts, this is an inadequate illustration, as PEARS actually lives on his own soap all the year round.

IN MEMORIAM.—Mrs. M., on occasion, sent to be inserted in the *Obituary* of a Newspaper, an announcement, to which she added:—"Friends will please to receive this innuendo."

THE PRACTICAL JOKER'S PRIVATE WIRE GUIDE.—*Sell's Code.*

MINING ROYALTIES.—The King and Queen of the Gnomes.

MEM. TO MR. GLADSTONE.

THE Member for Cork may not be all you used to say he was, and may be all you say he is since you've kissed the



Thursday, April 8. The Great Irish Butter Night.

Blarney Stone; but, remember, "Fine words butter no Parnells." And no one knows this better than the Member for Cork and his Irish Corkers.

ROOM FOR THEM.

WITH a view to providing still further accommodation for Members wishing to attend the next large Division, the SPEAKER has in contemplation the issuing of the following list of supplementary regulations:—

Members arriving in Palace Yard over-night, will be allowed by the local policemen on duty to have, if they have a fancy for it, a shake-down on the pavement outside.

At three o'clock, A.M., punctually, the doors of Westminster Hall will be opened, when those Members who have provided themselves with them, may, if they can manage it, sling hammocks to the roof, and finish their night's rest under shelter.

For the refreshment and recreation of those jaded by the fatigue of watching for the opening of the House and the excitement of securing a place for the coming Debate, a series of athletic sports will be held, during the course of the morning, on the river terrace. These will comprise, among other feats, jumping in the Woolpack, throwing the Mace, and a hurdle-race over Committee tables, and will be presided over by the Sergeant-at-Arms, and one of the House Cleaners, selected by lot, who will act as Umpire.

To ensure the accommodation of the whole 670 Members in the body of the House, the SPEAKER will provide an extra row of chairs fastened outside the Galleries, which will be approached by a ladder from the front Benches. He will also furnish five places on the top of his own official seat, which will, however, to prevent confusion, have to be occupied at an early hour in the afternoon. Strangers and Peers will be suspended from the roof by ropes, and it is calculated that by a little additional cramming of two into one seat in the space thus left vacant, that very nearly the whole of the House will be accommodated by the commencement of the Debate.

SHORTLY TO BE ISSUED.—A new edition of *Burns' Justice*, by Sir CHARLES RUSSELL, the Champion Attorney-General, dedicated to Messrs. HYNDMAN & Co., with instructions as to how a Government Prosecution may best cave in.

MR. HAMO THORNEYCROFT sends a piece of Sculpture to the Academy. It is "*The Sower*," and it is a pendant to "*The Mower*"—only Mower so.

'ARRY'S SPRING THOUGHTS.

DEAR CHARLIE,

How trots it, my topper? Spring's on us at last, dear old pal, The time when a smart young man's fancy will turn to his togs and his gal, As TENNYSON says, though from HALFRED the thing seems a bit of a joke; Jolly little "Spring Clean" about him, with that 'at and that charwoman's cloak.

But to hush as ain't poets nor Guy Foxes, CHARLIE, but chappies O.K., A bit of a brush-up comes proper when April is fair on the way. The buds is a bustin', my bloater, and 'ARRY is free to admit As he likes to come out with the laylocks, and put on the bloomy a bit.

"All-a-blowing!" you'd say, if you saw me. A suit of smart dittos, my lad, Sort o' snuff-colour picked out with spinnige, a mixture as isn't arf bad; Drab gaiters and purple felt rounder, big buttons in mother-o'-pearl! Sez Loo, when she met me last Sunday: "Wy, 'ARRY, you look like a hurl."

"Hurl be jiggered, my dear!" was my arnser. "Jest look at the Dook of ARGYLL!"

Lor bless yer I wouldn't give tuppence for many a Marquis's tile. Met one—at a Meetin'—last Monday, he leathered old GLADSTONE to rights, But the cut of his bags!—well, there, CHARLIE, 'twas one o' the painfulest sights.

Wot I say is, a Toff should dress toffy, else 'ow will he pass for a Toff? It's a maxim a many forget, and your ikey top-sawyers may scoff; But if Swells mean to keep right end upwards, and out of this Socialist mess, They 'll 'ave to brush up, my dear CHARLIE, and pay more attention to Dress.

We're a-droppin' on jolly 'ot times, CHARLIE, jolly 'ot times, my dear boy, With your poets turned Socialist spouters, and thousands all out of employ, It's a fair bloomin' Mix, and no error. Of course it's all thundering rot, But if them as should Boss us don't watch it, us snide uns 'ull all go to pot.

They 'ate us, these rorty Red Flaggers, they 'ate us like rhubub all round, Down with polish and perks is their motter,—I know 'em right down to the ground.

They asked me to jine 'em! Jest fancy me mixing with Radical seum, Or a-trottin' about through the mud at the tail of a flag and a drum!

"JERRY JAUNDERS," says I, "you're a juggins, to think you can have me on toast; I take sides with the Toffs—oh! don't goggle and snort—it's my pride and my boast.

Feller feelin' and that, doncher know, and yer don't ketch me lifting a 'and Agin them as 'ave nobbled the Ochre, or them as 'ave collared the Land.

"The Ochre and Acres means England; and someone must 'ave 'em, you know,

So wy not the Swells and the snide 'uns? Wot, lay all our Aristos low? No Millionaire Mashers, no Sportsmen, no moddles for chappies like me? I help yer? Not me, JERRY JAUNDERS; it's all bloomin' fiddlededee!"

Lor, CHARLIE, old chap, 'ow he looked at me! Taller-faced moulder, he is, And 'avin' jest landed a race, I was lapping a bottle of fizz, "Ah! 'ARRY," sez he, "if you ain't acored up to your chin, it's a fluke, And when Nature made you a monkey, she spiled the raw stuff for a Dook."

That shows 'ow they 'ate us, dear CHARLIE, that shows their low Radical spite Agin anything smart and rekerky. I 'ope it will come out all right, But I don't like the look of the times; they are 'avin' a deal too much run, These Reds, and the Toffs will be finding, one day, as it isn't all fun.

They want squelching, old pal, they want squelching, from JERRY to Brummagem JOE.

I'd give 'em what for like JEMIMER. They're low, the whole lot of 'em, low; And they'd bring us all down to their level, till smart 'uns like RANDOLPH and me

Wouldn't 'ave no more pull in creation than MUGGINS the Workman M.P.

I tell you the Toffs must brush up, 'ave a sort of a Spring Clean all round, 'Tisn't shockin' bad 'ats and soft sawder will muzzle the Radical 'ound.

He kicks at Court dress, as you've 'eard, CHARLIE. Yah! musn't yield, not a hinch;

'Twill be short-sleeves and reach-me-downs soon, if the Aristos boggle or finch.

Let 'em take Our Most Gracious's tip. She's the sort as a cove can respect. Though March winds blow death with bronchitis, yet Court-dresses must be low-necked.

That's the grit, if you like, and no error. Let bosoms blush 'ot or go blue, Better fill Brompton Orsepital full of Court Beauties than yield to the screw.

Spring thoughts, my dear CHARLIE, suggested by togs and the signs of the times.

I got a bit bosky last night. Has the 'eadache got into my rhymes?

If so, chummy, pardon their dulness along o' the moral they carry, Afmoral the Toffs will take on, if they trust theirs admiringly, 'ARRY.



THE NEW VERB.

BANJO, BANJAS, BANJAT—BANJAMUS, BANJATIS, BANJANT!

A STORY OF GIRTON.

(By E-b-et Brown-ng.)

Oh, the scholarly girls, too blue,
Who lived at Girton, down by the Cam,
Just where the Cam bids the town adieu!
And who would ever have thought them a
sham—
These girls, and the lots they knew?

Too blue, for the colour of health is red;
And their eyes had the dull, boiled-goose-
berry look
Of maids who are meant to go to bed
When down from their laps flops the out-
spread book,
But consume night's oil instead.

Yet I noticed, like a flowering shrub
Abloom in a desert, one striking grace:
They might "screw" like mad when afloat in
a "tub,"
And never get up the ghost of a pace,
But they had a "BROWNING Club"!

Club which tackled my hardest bits:
Guessed my conundrums—floods of them, too.
Had ever girls such glorious wits?
The splendid verse of—you know who—
All comprehended by chits!

So, when one waxed ill, it did not seem strange
That the Lady Principal sighed, and said,
"A stoppage of work I must arrange;
To studies reconquite she's too much wed,
And from books she needs a change."

"Not my books," the patient cried;
"Take not the desk that my books contains!"

For o'er the 'BROWNING Club' I preside,
And the mystic masterly fruit of his
brains
Is my solace, glory, and pride!"

Her request being granted, asleep fell she;
The Lady Principal joyed at that;
But when the Doctor dropped in, said he,
"It's only a bilious attack, that's flat.
Brain trouble? Fiddle-de-dee!"

The desk, it chanced, was not quite closed:
"Why does she clutch it so?" asked the
leech;
The Lady Principal supposed
That to have her dear Bard within reach
Consoled her as she dozed.

"Let's look inside!" And at once—oh,
dreams
Of "Female Culture," and the rest!
They found—no masterly mystic themes,
No Pippa, no Duchess, but—who would have
guessed?
A box of Chocolate Creams!

The candid incline to surmise of late
That woman is fit for the vote, I find;
For Parliamentary debate
Discloses the drift of the public mind,
And WOODALL's words have weight.

I, for my part, trust woman no more:
At Girton especially. "Why?" do you
ask?
The preposterous chits no longer adore
The Ring and the Book—think Sordello a
task,
And Paracelsus a bore!

NOTES OF MUSIC.

AT the Crystal Palace Saturday Concert of April 3, there was a very good programme. Herr FRANZ ONDRICEK made his first appearance at Sydenham. Good deal of "FRANZ" about this week. He was brilliant. To Miss ROBERTSON, the Soprano vocalist, who also received enthusiastic applause, Mr. *Punch* says, in the words of the song, slightly altered, "Sing on, you little bird!" Mr. A. C. MACKENZIE's first "*Scotch Rhapsody*" was splendidly played by the Band; the concluding movement, founded on the air "*There was a Lad was born in Kyle*," is so irresistibly rollicking that I fully expected Scotchmen among the audience to execute an impromptu reel. But only enthusiasts, who had come "reeling," would have ventured on such a step.

At the New Club, Herr SCHALKENBACH has been performing upon his Electric Organ. His playing is "fair to middling," but his electrical manifestations are surprising. It is all very well to cause an illuminated electric star to revolve during "*God Bless the Prince of Wales*," but even more solid joy might be generated were Herr SCHALKENBACH on terms of greater intimacy with the tune.

Madame SCHUMANN drew a crowded house at the Monday Pop. on April 5. This charming lady is the same subtle-fingered, conscientious pianist as of yore. Before such a wife of such a husband it is an honour to stand hat in hand—on the chance of getting something dropped into it for the Unemployed.

The Chevalier LEONHARD EMIL BACH gave a Concert devoted to LISZT's works, in St. James's Hall, April 9; but you don't want to be Alist in Wonderland by NIBBELUNGLET.



NOT OUT OF THE WOOD.

WILLIAM THE WOODMAN (*with his Bill*). "AND I,—LIKE ONE LOST IN A THORNY WOOD,
SEEKING A WAY, AND STRAYING FROM THE WAY;
NOT KNOWING HOW TO FIND THE OPEN AIR,
BUT TOILING DESPERATELY TO FIND IT OUT,—
TORMENT MYSELF TO CATCH THE—IRISH VOTE."

Henry the Sixth, Part III., Act iii., Scene 2 (adapted).

ROBERT FORGETS HIMSELF.



I'VE often herd as how as it's ony the fust step as gives any trubbel wen one sets off for a run down the ill as leads to dishy-pation. Tho why it shoold allus be rong to have a run down ill, nice and cumferal, and never right excep to go up hill a puffin and a pantin, I never coud make out, and I never found anybody as coud excep a Bishop I wunce herd preach, and he said as how it was to prepare us for running the race, though as he must have wayed about hayteen stun, I don't think as he had much chance of winning. But of the truth as regards the fust step I stands convinced, and I stands convicted. It appened somehow this way.

About a fortnite arter my little adwentur, and the werry nex nite arter my visit to a certain Theayter, witch shall be nameless, I was assisting at a werry swell house in Portland Plaise, where a old gennelman lives as was a Wine Merchant in the City, and, like a senserbel feller as he is, before he left off bizzness he crammed his seller jolly well full of the best of wines, not forgetting lots of my favrite brand of '47 Port; and I've often thort as it was his love for that King of all Wines as made him retire to Portland Place. Be that as it may, whenever he gives one of his trewly grate dinners he allus has me to help, for I nose as he likes my ways, and I bleeves as he likes my hair of respectability.

Well, everything went off all right, as usual, and I was down in the Kitching, having a frendly chat with the Cook, who is a old frend of mine, and had jest mixt me a nice tumbler-full of some-think hot to drink afore I wentured to hencounter the frosty hair, when sumthink put it into my hed to tell her about my little adwentur, and I did. Lor how she did larf! her not werry slim sides shook agen wen I told her about meetin the Missus. So I went on and told her all about the Theayter, and the young ladies of the Core de Bally, and how butifol they darnsed, till quite carried away by my exgitement, asisted probably by a few glasses of the '47 Port and the rather strong glass of sumthink nice as Cook had brood for me, I got up, and without thinkin for a moment of the hordacious libberty as I was a takin of, I sed, "It's summot in this style, Cook," and putting my arm round her hample waste, I begins a dansing! But that admirable woman was quite ekal to the ocasion, and seizing hold of a Ladel as lay handy, she says, says she, "Remove your harm from my sacred pusson, or I'll strike you with this weppon and tell your Wife!" I recovered myself in a moment, that larst awful threat recalled me to myself, and hastyly swallering wot remaned of the contents of the tumbeller, I sort relief to my feelins in the cool hair of Portland Plaise.

As I warked ome a thinking of my hordacious conduck, the prus-peration amost stood on my forred, leastways I dessay it woud ha' done if it hadn't been such a preshus cold nite, and I applied my latch key to my street dore keyhole like a "gilty Burglarer insted of like a onest Waiter. My fust thort was, was she hup? and if so, woud my pallid cheek of shame betray me? She was hup, and my amount of pallid cheek did betray me! And with most unusual tendernes, she says, says she, "Wot's the matter, Deer?"

Oh consence, thou minnisterring hangel! why so ard on a pore Ed Waiter, when I'm told as ewen Princes has bin known to do wuss things than I had dun and yet bin forgiven.

A crewel libel upon as fine a peace of Sammon as I hever tasted, sufficed to delude my ankshus spowse, and I retired to my nupshal couch reformed, and repentent, and thankfull. I had indeed had a narrrer escape. All the nobel karakter that I had bin a bildin hup so carefully for forty year, had bin a tremblin in the balance in that Portland Plaise kitching, and it was honely the wirtuous hindignation of a British female Cook armed with the ladel of power, that had saved me from, as the French says, putting my foot into a Fo Par!

ROBERT.

MR. PUNCH'S METROPOLITAN IMPROVEMENTS.

Hansom Cabmen.—That no hansom cabmen be allowed to carry whips, in consequence of their vicious and unskilful use thereof, whereby many of Her Majesty's lieges have lost the use of one or both eyes, and been otherwise tortured and disfigured; and that the drivers of hansom cabs be instructed to encourage their steeds, when necessary, to further exertions, by gentle and persuasive language after the manner of *Sancho Panza* to his ass *Dapple*.

Four-Wheelers.—That every driver of a four-wheeled cab be permitted to leave his box and assist in carrying luggage into a house whenever he can conscientiously affirm that his horse, whether from advanced age, natural amiability of disposition, or the habits of a lifetime, can be trusted not to inaugurate expeditions on his own account.

Infectious Diseases.—That the disinfecting of cabs by means of tobacco-smoke shall be no part of the professional duties of cabmen; but that, when necessary, all such purification shall be effected by properly authorised disinfectants.

The Confidence Trick.—That every cabman, on arriving at the end of his journey, shall, if interrogated as to his fare, demand the full legal amount, and no more, and shall not return trustful and flattering answers, such as "Leave it to you, Captain!" whereby weak-minded civilians are wheedled into overmuch outlay.

Measures of Length.—That every cabman be compelled to go through a fortnight's judging-distance drill, and that he shall not receive his licence until he have thoroughly mastered the fact that five hundred yards do not make a statute mile.

Femmes Soles.—That all ladies travelling as *femmes soles*, who intend only to remunerate the cabman at the rate of 50 per cent. more than his legal fare, be recommended, when they have arrived at their destination, to seek the shelter of the inside of the house, and to send the money out by a servant, unless they are engaged in writing novels *à la Zola*, in which case the study of the vernacular may be useful.

Saving Life in the Streets.—That any old gentleman whom you have saved from a painful and violent death by calling to him from your hansom cab when in danger of being run over, shall, if he proceed to curse you, and use profane language from the kerbstone—as he probably will—be at once taken before a Magistrate, and, upon conviction, fined five shillings.

Wild Beasts.—That any horse which it shall be found necessary to drive with a muzzle, a Segundo bit, a Bucephalus nose-band, and a kicking-strap, and which shall require two men to hold him while the cabman mounts his box, shall be considered unfit for the streets; and any cabman driving a horse which combines all the above peculiarities shall be deprived of his licence for a period not exceeding six calendar months.

Philanthropists.—That every contributor to *Punch*, which is synonymous with being a benefactor to the human race, shall be entitled to be conveyed anywhere within the four-mile radius for a maximum charge of one shilling.

(By Order)

PUNCH.

A REVEREND Correspondent, signing himself "SPIKED CANON," writes to say that he can give the Bishop of LONDON a new title—should he want one. It seems that Dr. TEMPLE is somewhat dilatory in appointing to vacancies, and thus obstructing promotion. "He should be called," says our excellent Correspondent, "Temple-Bar."

THE Police Constables to be known henceforth as "Warren't Officers."



THE REWARD OF SYMPATHY.

Young Genius (who has had all the talk to himself, and, as usual, all about himself). "WELL, GOOD-BYE, DEAR MRS. MELTHAM. IT ALWAYS DOES ME GOOD TO COME AND SEE YOU! I HAD SUCH A HEADACHE WHEN I CAME, AND NOW I'VE QUITE LOST IT." Mrs. Meltham. "OH, IT'S NOT LOST. I'VE GOT IT!"

IN MEMORIAM.

Right Hon. William Edward Forster, M.P.

BORN, JULY 11, 1818. DIED, APRIL 5, 1886.

A STURDY lover of a sturdy land,
He served it, zeal at heart, and life in hand,
With valiant loyalty. A keen strong mind
That fear shook not, and faction could not blind.
That life was sapped in facing England's foes,
By peril's strain and hate's embittered blows;
And at his country's crisis, he who watched
So jealously her interests, hence is snatched.
Yet not unmarked, unmourned. E'en in the tide
Of fullest conflict, men will turn aside
To lay a well-earned laurel on the grave
Of a stout patriot and a statesman brave.

"ODI PROFANUM."—In the *Times* for April 6, it was told how GEORGE BLISS, of Beckenham, was summoned for using "a profane word." What it was the report did not state. Perhaps it was such a very "big D" that the printing and publishing of it would have amounted to a Capital offence. It seems that, except by bringing him up before a Magistrate, his neighbour has no other way of relieving himself of the annoyance caused him by the inability of Mr. GEORGE BLISS to find any other way of relieving himself of annoyances, except by using such awful language as turned the abode of BLISS into a Pandemonium, and so BLISS was fined two shillings and one shilling costs—"thirty-six d" altogether—which must have made him exclaim, "Well I'm Bliss'd!" Now if this Act, which is down upon all such deeds (or write it thus, d—ds) were only put into constant and active operation, why it would produce a sum sufficient to buy out the Irish Landlords, pay the National Debt, and leave a handsome surplus. Why not revive it?

PAPER-KNIFE POEMS.

(By Our Special Book-Marker.)

"THE THIN RED LINE."

I COUNSEL you at once to try,
A Novel neither weak nor dry—
The Thin Red Line.
Much graphic writing here, I wot,
Is wedded to a cunning plot,
Of apt design.
You ne'er will find the interest fail
In ARTHUR GRIFFITHS' stirring tale—
The Thin Red Line!

"THE ROMANCE OF A GERMAN COURT."

The Romance of a German Court,
No doubt, to most, 'twill prove entrancing;
A story of the thrilling sort,
With lots of courting and romancing!

"POPULAR GUIDE TO THE HOUSE OF COMMONS."

THE new House, it is said, is in want of a Guide.
Well—here is a good one, it can't be denied!
It has Mems about Members, both Tories and Rads,
With their portraits, professions, their ages, and fads;
Also rules and statistics—in short, "all about it"—
So no Member or Stranger can do well without it!

"LITERARY TREASURES."

Who would not taste, to-day, of booky pleasures?
When all can flock,
And buy for Threepence *Literary Treasures*
Of WARD AND LOCK!

"COMMON ACCIDENTS."

If broken legs and arms occur, be armed to meet them,
By reading *Common Accidents, and How to Treat them!*

"ARMA VIRUMQUE."—"Heavens! Why he's actually encouraging a revolutionary massacre. Putting weapons into the hands of the people! He's worse than the Sociables!" exclaimed Mrs. RAM, when she heard that the LORD MAYOR was "distributing alms to the Unemployed."

"HIC ET UBIQUE."—SIR CUNLIFFE OWEN's new motto:
"It's all Owen to me!"

TRUE PATRIOTISM.

THE Corporation, always to the fore when a great or good object is to be attained, having already resolved to use no iron for their new Bridge but what is of English origin and English manufacture, and that a Committee shall inquire whether City Streets cannot be paved with Asphalte without the services of Italian Workmen, have, it is said, determined to follow up their patriotic proceedings by issuing strict orders to their Hall-keeper and Provost that, from the First day of April, of the present year, not any of the following Foreign Manufactures shall be allowed, under any stress of circumstances, to enter within the sacred precincts of their Guildhall:—

"French Chalk, Spanish Liquorice, Italian Cream, Turkey Rhubarb, Prussian Blue, German Sausages, Chinese Lanterns, Brazil Nuts, Brussels Sprouts, Roman Candles, New York Hams, Venetian Blinds, Madeira Cakes."

This important matter, like the consideration of the proposed increase to the salary of the City Judge, was considered in secret conclave, so we have no report of the speeches made on that interesting occasion; but it is rumoured in the precincts of Guildhall that it was proposed by one learned Pundit to add to the list the following Foreign productions:—"Chicago Chickens, Civil Oranges, Egyptian Mummies, Turkish Sultanates, and Florence Nightingales." But the proposition was not agreed to.

Hit It at Last!

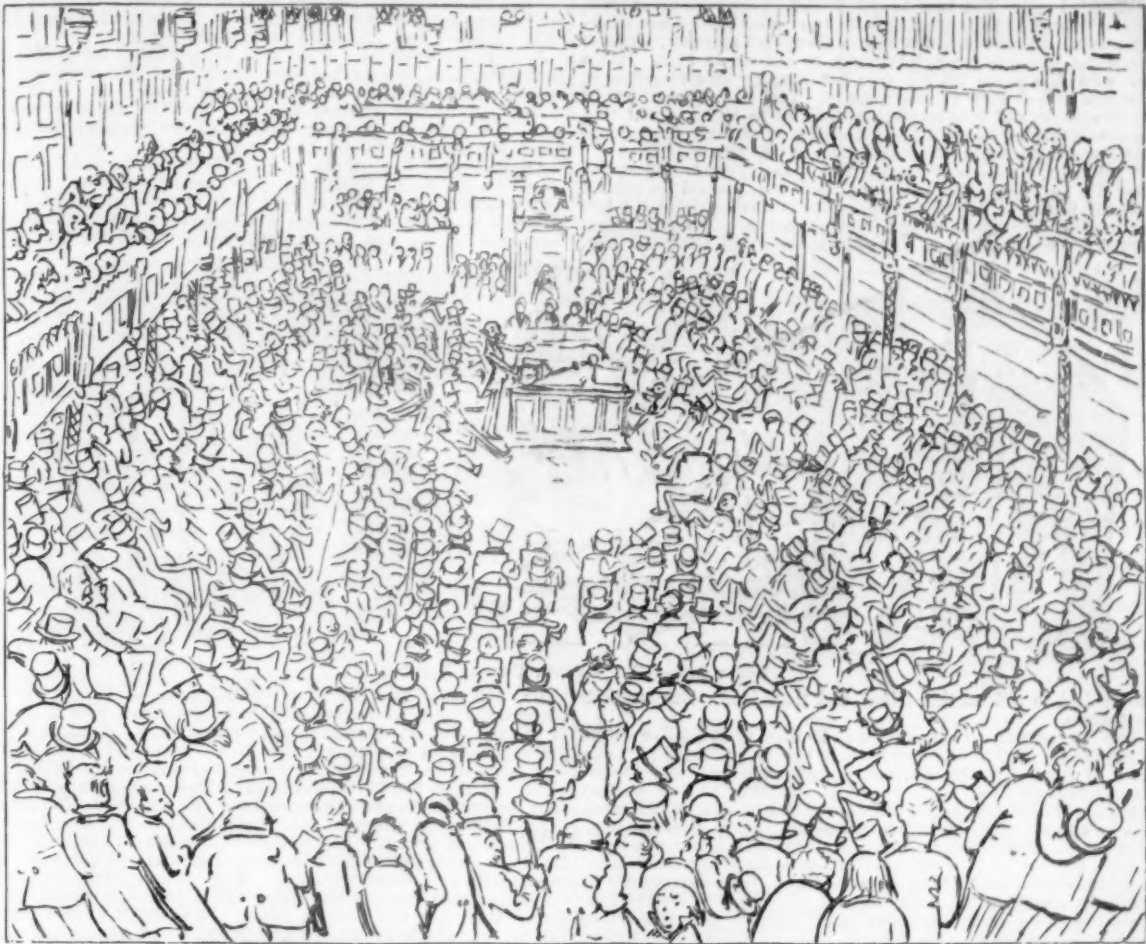
MR. PUNCH, SIR,

I HAVE seen with contemptuous derision the frantic and foolish attempts to suggest a proper designation for the Colonial and Indian Exhibition, to be opened by Her Most Gracious MAJESTY on the 4th of next month. England, Wales, and Ireland having miserably failed, Scotland comes to the rescue, as usual. There is but one designation that combines every requisite, and that is, "The Kith and Kinneries."

John o' Groats, April 1.

I am, &c.,

TRUNDLE PHILLIPS.



THURSDAY, APRIL 8th. Sketched by Our Artist without Elbow-room.



Waking Toby.

SENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE
DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Lords, Monday, April 5.—House of Lords crowded. Counted twenty Peers to hear Lord RIBBLESDALE. RIBBLESDALE quite a political character. Not much heard of heretofore. Now suddenly blazed forth on the political horizon, threatening to smash up the Gladstone Government. RIBBLESDALE appointed Parliamentary-Groom-in-Wait-

ing. Was at Gibraltar when appointment conferred. Waited only till he got back to England and then shook the Ministry to its centre by flinging his commission in the teeth of the recreant Minister.

"I don't know what your Irish plan is," he said, in his interview with GLADSTONE, "but I won't have it."

So he left the hapless Ministry, and was immediately followed by CHAMBERLAIN and TREVELYAN.

To-night, wants ZEBEHR PACHA to be set free. Formed a strong affection for him on the Rock. But there was a rival in person of HAMED the interpreter. "HAMED," said RIBBLESDALE, "is an old man now, but his beard grew in Zoological Gardens." House puzzled. Why, though an old man, his beard should not have been cultivated in the Zoological Gardens, supposing the ground there was suitable,

did not appear. Besides, why should this Arab have his beard grow in any garden? But RIBBLESDALE, having lived three months so far East as Gibraltar, had acquired habits of figurative speech. He went on to explain the meaning of his metaphor. "HAMED," he proceeded, with great solemnity of manner, "came to England as the personal escort and attendant of the first Hippopotamus that visited our shores. He learned English in a school in the Borough Road—"

"And of such is the Kingdom of Heaven," Lord ROSEBURY murmured, quoting from the familiar epitaph.

HAMED greatly enjoyed RIBBLESDALE's conversation with the old slave-trader. "So excited did he become one day," his biographer informed the listening Senate, "that he dashed his turban half off his head; and," RIBBLESDALE continued, with a knowing nod at the LORD CHANCELLOR, "an Oriental who takes liberties with his head-gear is really moved."

Lords as interested in RIBBLESDALE's narrative as the interpreter. Lord HALIFAX suddenly raised his right hand to his head. Thought he was going to dash off his hat. Contented himself with re-settling it on his head.

"It's certainly one of the advantages of civilisation," said DUNRAVEN, "that we have in 'toppers' exceptionally favourable means of expressing emotion. Unsatisfactory to dash your fist at a turban when you would say 'Dear me!' or 'God bless my soul!' But what emphasis could be added by banging in your own Sunday hat, or, better still, letting fly at the other fellow's who's been astonishing you."

As ROSEBURY said, no one who listened to this interesting speech would fail to hope that now RIBBLESDALE is released from the anxieties of office, he will often contribute to the Debates.

Thursday.—"Barks mustn't be out of this business." My last words as I fell asleep last night. Everybody going down to House to breakfast, so as to secure seat for the great speech. "TONY shall

be there," I said. But how to get there? Very valorous at night about getting up in the morning. Quite another thing when morning comes. Know a fellow who can always get up early; name of PINCHER. Thing to do—get PINCHER to call me at Five. Had a row with him once; bit his ear; but daresay he's forgotten it. PINCHER agreed with curious alacrity. Tied string to toe, let end out of window, and went to sleep, certain to be called. So I was. Awakened before Five. Violent tugging at string. Thought at first was caught in trap; then remembered PINCHER.

"All right, old fellow!" I said. But it wasn't right. He hauled away till he pulled me clean out of bed, and jammed me against wall till, finally, I bit the string. PINCHER evidently hasn't forgotten that little affair of three years ago; and I won't forget PINCHER. Wanted him to stay this morning till I thanked him.



EARLY BIRDS. IRISH PARTY CAUGHT NAPPING.

Said he had to call another fellow, and trotted off. But we shall meet again.

This by the way. Only mentioned to show what a fellow determined to do duty to his Constituents has to go through. Limp down to House. Confounded string nearly taken toe off. Desperately cold; wind and rain. Found D. SULLIVAN at door, waiting to get in. Raced him across the Lobby, and, in spite of lameness, won by a neck. Not long in sole possession. Irish Members came trooping in. Hats of various sizes and qualities began rapidly to blossom all over the Benches. At Half-past Eight breakfast ready. Members walked off, leaving House empty. Took opportunity of playfully mixing up the hats. Retired to Gallery to see the fun. Great row when Parnellites came back. Decided that it must be the Ulster Members who had done it. Major SAUNDERSON entering,



"Gallery Boys,"—an Ugly Rush of Peers.

quarter of an hour later, received with yell of execration. Still later, Lord ERNEST HAMILTON came in, both hands full of red bills. Made tour of Benches, dropping a bill in each hat.

"What's he after?" JOSEPH GILLIS asked, with sharp distrust.

"It's PEAR'S Soap," said TIM HEALY. "Capital idea. [Remunerative occupation for reduced Landlords. Drop a bill in every hat. Use PEAR'S Soap. Lights only on the box.]"

JOSEPH still doubtful. Went over to see what it was all about. Found that Lord ERNEST had been distributing bills setting forth reasons why an Englishman should oppose Home Rule. Evidently it was Lord ERNEST who had tampered with the hats in the morning. His Lordship promptly howled off the premises, carrying remaining stock of bills with him.

At Half-past Four House packed from end to end. Chairs placed on the floor. Ex-Lord Mayor FOWLER presiding. Looked very well sitting in a chair all by himself in the centre of the floor. Members who had not attended breakfast sat on steps of the Gangway, crowded the Bar, thronged the space behind the SPEAKER'S

chair, and filled side Galleries. The Princess of WALES peered through the fence before the ladies' cage; got a good view of Prince of WALES, who sat opposite in the Peers' Gallery. A faint echo of cheers outside; a brief pause; then GLADSTONE, with a rose in his coat, discovered making his way through the crowd by the SPEAKER'S chair. Radicals and Parnellites leapt to their feet, welcoming him with ringing cheers and waving of hats. HARTINGTON, CHAMBERLAIN, TREVELYAN, GOSCHEN, and DILKE looked on from back bench.

Tremendous oration; nearly three hours and a half long; listened to throughout with unflagging attention. Voice kept up wonderfully well, even to the end. More cheering when PREMIER sat down; rang through the House till it seemed it would never cease. But there was more to follow. TREVELYAN to speak, and lift the curtain from the Cabinet sittings. A pause; all eyes turned to where TREVELYAN sat, nervously turning over his notes.

"Colonel WARING!" the SPEAKER cried; at which anti-climax the crowded assembly uprose with one accord, and went out laughing and cheering, tumbling over the chairs in their haste to be first in the rush for the dining-room.

Business done.—Home Rule Bill introduced.

Friday.—"Well," said JOSEPH GILLIS, with a flash of keen disappointment piercing the mist that had gathered in his eyes, "I never saw the promise of a good fight spoiled in this way."

J. B., since he has taken to sitting above the Gangway, amid the flower of the Conservative gentry, has so far yielded to circumstances as to put on a pair of black dogskin gloves, which look as if they had been present at many funerals. It is idle to paint the lily, or adorn the rose; but undoubtedly the unwonted appearance of these gloves add distinctly to the respectability and responsibility of JOSEPH'S presence. Being seated above the Gangway, JOEY B. had a full view of the remarkable scene going forward on the other side. At the corner seat below the Gangway, CHAMBERLAIN, relating history of his connection with the Cabinet. GLADSTONE, half reclined on Treasury Bench, listened intently, apparently watching for something he expected to come.

"Well, Sir," said CHAMBERLAIN, continuing his speech, "this scheme of Land Purchase was certainly to me a very startling proposal." (GLADSTONE raised himself on his elbow.) "It involved the issue of 120 Millions of Consols."

GLADSTONE bounded to his feet, standing erect, with hands crossed before him, shoulders squared, and head thrown back. "Exactly like the Millais portrait," said AGNEW. Speaking in severest tones, he protested against Land Purchase Bill being brought into discussion before it had been submitted to the House. This only the beginning of the squabble. CHAMBERLAIN wanting to read letters, GLADSTONE firmly objecting. But storm blew over, and CHAMBERLAIN safely reached the end.

Business done.—Home Rule Debate continued.

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